

Issued Weekly

Number 2

March 24, 1886

RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH: ELIZABETH

BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY
BOSTON, NEW YORK, AND CHICAGO
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as second-class matter

Single Numbers FIFTEEN CENTS
Double Numbers THIRTY CENTS

Quarterly Subscription
(13 Numbers) \$1.60

The Riverside Literature Series

HORACE E. SCUDDER, *Supervising Editor*

With Introductions, Notes, Historical Sketches, and Biographical Sketches. Each regular single number, paper, 15 cents.
All prices of the Riverside Literature Series are net.

1. Longfellow's *Evangeline*.**††
2. Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish*; Elizabeth.*
3. Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish*. DRAMATIZED.
4. Whittier's *Snow-Bound*, and Other Poems.**††**
5. Whittier's *Mabel Martin*, and Other Poems.**
6. Holmes's *Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle*, etc.***
- 7, 8, 9. Hawthorne's *Grandfather's Chair*. In three parts.††
10. Hawthorne's *Biographical Stories*. With Questions.***
11. Longfellow's *Children's Hour*, and Other Poems.**
12. *Studies in Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell*.
- 13, 14. Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha*. In two parts.†
15. Lowell's *Under the Old Elm*, and Other Poems.**
16. Bayard Taylor's *Lars: a Pastoral of Norway*; and Other Poems.*
- 17, 18. Hawthorne's *Wonder-Book*. In two parts.†
- 19, 20. Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*. In two parts.†
21. Benjamin Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac*, etc.
- 22, 23. Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*. In two parts.†
24. Washington's *Rules of Conduct, Letters, and Addresses*.*
- 25, 26. Longfellow's *Golden Legend*. In two parts.†
27. Thoreau's *Succession of Forest Trees, Wild Apples, and Sounds*
 With a Biographical Sketch by R. W. EMERSON.††
28. John Burroughs's *Birds and Bees*.**††
29. Hawthorne's *Little Daffydownilly*, and Other Stories.***
30. Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal*, and Other Poems.**††**
31. Holmes's *My Hunt after the Captain*, and Other Papers.**
32. Abraham Lincoln's *Gettysburg Speech*, etc.**
- 33, 34, 35. Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. In three parts.††
36. John Burroughs's *Sharp Eyes*, and Other Papers.**
37. Charles Dudley Warner's *A-Hunting of the Deer*, etc.**††
38. Longfellow's *Building of the Ship*, and Other Poems.
39. Lowell's *Books and Libraries*, and Other Papers.**
40. Hawthorne's *Tales of the White Hills*, and Sketches.**
41. Whittier's *Tent on the Beach*, and Associated Poems.
42. Emerson's *Fortune of the Republic*. The American Scholar, etc.**
43. Ulysses among the Phæacians. From BRYANT'S Translation of Homer's
Odyssey.*
44. Edgeworth's *Waste Not, Want Not*; and *The Barring Out*.
45. Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*.*
46. *Old Testament Stories in Scripture Language*.
- 47, 48. *Fables and Folk Stories*. In two parts.†
- 49, 50. Hans Andersen's *Stories*. In two parts.†
- 51, 52. Washington Irving: *Essays from the Sketch Book*. [51] *Rip Van Winkle*, etc. [52] *The Voyage*, etc. In two parts.†
53. Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. ROLFE. (*Double Number, 30 cents. Also, in Rolfe's Students' Series, cloth, to Teachers, 53 cents.*)
54. Bryant's *Sella, Thanatopsis*, and Other Poems.*
55. Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. THURBER.***
56. Webster's *First Bunker Hill Oration*; Adams and Jefferson.
57. Dickens's *Christmas Carol*.**
58. Dickens's *Cricket on the Hearth*.**
59. *Verse and Prose for Beginners in Reading*.*
- 60, 61. The *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers*. In two parts.†
62. John Fiske's *War of Independence*.§
63. Longfellow's *Paul Revere's Ride*, and Other Poems.**
- 64, 65, 66. Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*. In three parts.††
67. Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.***
68. Goldsmith's *Deserted Village, the Traveller*, and Other Poems.*
69. Hawthorne's *Old Manse*, and a Few Mosses.**
70. A Selection from Whittier's *Child Life in Poetry*.**
71. A Selection from Whittier's *Child Life in Prose*.**

For explanation of signs, see end of list.



PRISCILLA

"Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee . . .
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth."

The Riverside Literature Series

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES
STANDISH: ELIZABETH

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES



HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

Boston: 4 Park Street; New York: 85 Fifth Avenue

Chicago: 378-388 Wabash Avenue

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. are the only authorized publishers of the works of LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, LOWELL, HOLMES, EMERSON, THOREAU, and HAWTHORNE. All editions which lack the imprint or authorization of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are issued without the consent and contrary to the wishes of the authors or their heirs.

Copyright, 1858, and 1873,
By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Copyright, 1883, and 1888,
By HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

Copyright, 1886,
By ERNEST W. LONGFELLOW.

All rights reserved.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

THIS poem, like *Evangeline*, written in hexameters, has a lighter movement, due to the more playful character of the narrative. A slight change of accent in the first line prepares one for this livelier pace, and the reader will find that the lights and shades of the story use whatever elasticity there is in the hexameter, crisp, varying lines alternating with the steady pulse of the dactyl. The poet has built upon a slight tradition which has come down to us from the days of the Plymouth settlement, a story which depicts in a succession of scenes the life of the Old Colony. In doing this he has not cared to follow explicitly the succession of events, but has been true to the general history of the time, and has in each picture copied faithfully the essential characteristics of the original. He has taken the somewhat dry and unimaginative chronicles of the time, and touched them with a poetic light and warmth, and the reader of this poem who resumes such a book as Dr. Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims* will find the simple story of the early settlers to have gained in beauty. The poem was published in 1858.

I.

MILES STANDISH.

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the
Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive
dwelling,

1. The *Old Colony* is the name which has long been applied to that part of Massachusetts which was occupied by the Plymouth colonists whose first settlement was in 1620. Massachusetts Bay was the name by which was known the later collection of settlements made about Boston and Salem.

2. The first houses of the Pilgrims were of logs filled in with mortar and covered with thatch.

Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan
leather,

Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan
Captain.

Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind
him, and pausing 5

Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of
warfare,

Hanging in shining array along the walls of the cham-
ber, —

Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of
Damascus,

Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical
Arabic sentence,

While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece,
musket, and matchlock. 10

3. Cordova in Spain was celebrated for a preparation of goat-skin which took the name of Cordovan. Hence came cordwain, or Spanish tanned goat-skin, and in England shoemakers are still often called cordwainers. In France, too, the same word gave *cordonnier*.

8. The corselet was a light breastplate of armor. One of Standish's grandsons is said to have been in possession of his coat-of-mail. His sword is in the cabinet of the Massachusetts Historical Society. As "the identical sword-blade used by Miles Standish" is also in possession of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, the antiquary may take his choice between them, or credit Standish with a change of weapons. Damascus blades are swords or cimeters presenting upon their surface a variegated appearance of watering, as white, silvery, or black veins in fine lines and fillets. Such engraved blades were common in the East, and the most famous came from Damascus; the exact secret of the workmanship has never been fully discovered in the West.

10. A *fowling-piece* is a light gun for shooting birds; a *match-lock* was a musket, the lock of which held a match or piece of twisted rope prepared to retain fire. As late as 1687 matchlocks were used instead of flint-locks, which had then come into

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
 Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
 Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
 Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
 Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,
 Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
 Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
 Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof,
 as the captives

general use. In Bradford and Winslow's *Journal* (Young's *Chronicles of the Pilgrims*, p. 125), we are told of a party setting out "with every man his musket, sword, and corselet, under the conduct of Captain Miles Standish." That these muskets were matchlocks, appears from another passage in the same journal (p. 142): "Then we lighted all our matches and prepared ourselves, concluding that we were near their dwellings."

15. Bradford, the historian of the Plymouth Plantation, says that John Alden, who was one of the Mayflower company, "was hired for a cooper at Southampton, where the ship victualled; and being a hopeful young man, was much desired, but left to his own liking to go or stay when he came here [to Plymouth, that is]; but he stayed and married here." In this picture of Miles Standish and John Alden, some have professed to see a miniature likeness to Oliver Cromwell and John Milton.

18. The story of the first mission to heathen England is referred to here. A monk named Gregory, in the sixth century, passed through the slave-market at Rome, and there amongst other captives he saw three fair-complexioned and fair-haired boys, in striking contrast to the dusky captives about them. He asked whence they came, and was answered, "From Britain," and that

Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but Angels."

Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower.

20

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,

Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.

"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here

Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!

This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,

25

Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;

Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet

Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.

they were called *Angli*, which was the Latin form of the name by which they called themselves, and from which Anglo, England, and English are derived. "*Non Angli sed Angeli*," replied Gregory; "they have the face of angels, not of Angles, and they ought to be fellow heirs of heaven." Years afterward, the story runs, when Gregory was pope, he remembered the fair captives, and sent St. Augustine to carry Christianity to them. The story will be found at length in E. A. Freeman's *Old English History for Children*, p. 44.

25. The history of Miles Standish is not clearly known, but he was a soldier in the Low Countries during the defence of the Netherlands against the Spanish power, and the poet has made much of this little knowledge that we have.

28. *Arcabucero* is Spanish for archer, and the same term passed over, as weapons changed, into a musketeer and gunsmith.

Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of
Miles Standish

Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the
Flemish morasses." 30

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up
from his writing :

"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the
speed of the bullet ;

He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and
our weapon !"

Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of
the stripling :

"See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an
arsenal hanging ; 35

That is because I have done it myself, and not left it
to others.

Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excel-
lent adage ;

So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and
your inkhorn.

Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible
army,

Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and
his matchlock, 40

38. There is some uncertainty about the derivation of the word *inkhorn*. The usual interpretation refers to the custom of scribes carrying ink in a horn attached to their dress, but some etymologists make it a corruption from *inkern*, the terminations *erne* and *eron* coming from the Saxon *ern*, *earn*, a secret place to put anything in, *inkern* being thus a little vessel into which we put ink.

39. The formation of the military company was due chiefly to the serious losses that befel the Pilgrims during the first winter, leading them to make careful provision against surprises and attacks from the Indians.

Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and
pillage,

And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my sol-
diers ! ”

This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as
the sunbeams

Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a
moment.

Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain
continued : 45

“ Look ! you can see from this window my brazen how-
itzer planted

High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks
to the purpose,

Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible
logic,

Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of
the heathen.

Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the
Indians : 50

Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it
the better, —

Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or
pow-wow,

Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamaha-
mon ! ”

47. One of the earliest structures raised by the Pilgrims was a platform upon the hill overlooking the settlement, where they mounted five guns. They had also a common house for rendezvous, nineteen feet square, but the planting of guns upon the log-built meeting-house belongs to a later date.

52. The *sagamore* was an Indian chief of the subordinate class ; the *sachem* a principal chief ; the *pow-wow* a medicine man or conjurer.

53. Names of Indians who are mentioned in the early chronicles.

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed
 on the landscape,
 Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath
 of the east-wind, 55
 Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of
 the ocean,
 Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and
 sunshine.
 Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on
 the landscape,
 Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was sub-
 dued with emotion,
 Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he pro-
 ceeded: 60
 "Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried
 Rose Standish;
 Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the
 wayside!
 She was the first to die of all who came in the May-
 flower!
 Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have
 sown there,
 Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of
 our people, 65
 Lest they should count them and see how many
 already have perished!"
 Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down,
 and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books,
 and among them

64. The dead were buried on a bluff by the water-side during
 that first terrible winter, and the marks of burial were carefully
 effaced, lest the Indians should discover how the colony had been
 weakened. The tradition is preserved in Holmes's *Annals*.

Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for
binding ;

Barriffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries
of Cæsar, 70

Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Golding of
London,

And, as if guarded by these, between them was stand-
ing the Bible.

Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused,
as if doubtful

Which of the three he should choose for his consola-
tion and comfort,

Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous cam-
paigns of the Romans, 75

Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent
Christians.

Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponder-
ous Roman,

Seated himself at the window, and opened the book,
and in silence

70. The elaborate title of Standish's military book was :
"Militarie Discipline : or the Young Artillery Man, Wherein is
Discoursed and Shown the Postures both of Musket and Pike,
the Exactest way, &c., Together with the Exercise of the Foot
in their Motions, with much variety : As also, diverse and sev-
eral Forms for the Imbatteling small or great Bodies demon-
strated by the number of a single Company with their Reduce-
ments. Very necessary for all such as are Studious in the Art
Military. Whereunto is also added the Postures and Beneficiall
Use of the Halfe-Pike joyned with the Musket. With the
way to draw up the Swedish Brigade. By Colonel William
Barriffe." Barriffe was a Puritan, and added to his title-page :
"Psalmes 144 : 1. Blessed be the Lord my Strength which
teacheth my hands to warre and my fingers to fight."

71. Golding was a voluminous translator, and his translation
of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* was highly regarded. He was patron-
ized by Sir Philip Sidney.

Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks
thick on the margin,
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was
hottest. 80
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen
of the stripling,
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the May-
flower,
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest,
God willing!
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible
winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of
Priscilla, 85
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden
Priscilla!

II.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen
of the stripling,
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the
Captain,
Reading the marvellous words and achievements of
Julius Cæsar.
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand,
palm downwards, 90

82. The Mayflower began her return voyage April 5, 1621. Not a single one of the emigrants returned in her, in spite of the "terrible winter."

85. Among the names of the Mayflower company are those of "Mr. William Mullines and his wife, and 2 children, Joseph and Priscila ; and a servant, Robart Carter."

Heavily on the page : " A wonderful man was this
Cæsar !

You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fel-
low

Who could both write and fight, and in both was
equally skilful ! "

Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the
comely, the youthful :

" Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen
and his weapons. . 95

Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could
dictate

Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his
memoirs. "

" Truly, " continued the Captain, not heeding or hear-
ing the other,

" Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar !

Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village, 100
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right
when he said it.

Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many
times after ;

Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities
he conquered ;

He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has re-
corded ;

100. " In his journey, as he was crossing the Alps and passing by a small village of the barbarians with but few inhabitants, and those wretchedly poor, his companions asked the question among themselves by way of mockery if there were any canvassing for offices there ; any contention which should be uppermost, or feuds of great men one against another. To which Cæsar made answer seriously, ' For my part I had rather be the first man among these fellows, than the second man in Rome. ' " *Plutarch's Life of Cæsar*, A. H. Clough's translation.

Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!

105

Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,

When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,

And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together

There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,

Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,

110

Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;

Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;

So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.

That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

115

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling

Writing epistles important to go next day by the Mayflower,

Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla;

Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,

120

113. The account of this battle will be found in *Cæsar's Commentaries*, book II. ch. 10.

Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the
secret,

Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name
of Priscilla !

Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous
cover,

Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding
his musket,

Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Cap-
tain of Plymouth : 125

“ When you have finished your work, I have something
important to tell you.

Be not however in haste ; I can wait ; I shall not be
impatient ! ”

Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his
letters,

Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful atten-
tion :

“ Speak ; for whenever you speak, I am always ready
to listen, 130

Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles
Standish.”

Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and
culling his phrases :

“ ’T is not good for a man to be alone, say the Scrip-
tures.

This I have said before, and again and again I repeat
it ;

Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say
it. 135

Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and
dreary ;

Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friend-
ship.

Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden
 Priscilla.
 She is alone in the world ; her father and mother and
 brother
 Died in the winter together ; I saw her going and com-
 ing, 140
 Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of
 the dying,
 Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself,
 that if ever
 There were angels on earth, as there are angels in
 heaven,
 Two have I seen and known ; and the angel whose
 name is Priscilla
 Holds in my desolate life the place which the other
 abandoned. 145
 Long have I cherished the thought, but never have
 dared to reveal it,
 Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the
 most part.
 Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of
 Plymouth,
 Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but
 of actions,
 Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart
 of a soldier. 150
 Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my
 meaning ;
 I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

139. " Mr. Molines, and his wife, his sone and his servant, dyed the first winter. Only his daughter Priscila survived and married with John Alden, who are both living and have 11 children." *Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation*, p. 452.

You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant
 language,
 Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and
 wooings of lovers,
 Such as you think best adapted to win the heart
 of a maiden.”

155

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired,
 taciturn stripling,
 All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewild-
 ered,
 Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject
 with lightness,
 Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still
 in his bosom,
 Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by
 lightning,
 Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered
 than answered :
 ‘ Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle
 and mar it ;
 If you would have it well done, — I am only repeating
 your maxim, —
 You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to
 others ! ”
 But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn
 from his purpose,
 Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain
 of Plymouth :
 “ Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gain-
 say it ;
 But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder
 for nothing.

160

165

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of
phrases.

I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to
surrender, 170

But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare
not.

I 'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of
a cannon,

But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the
mouth of a woman,

That I confess I 'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to
confess it!

So you must grant my request, for you are an ele-
gant scholar, 175

Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning
of phrases."

Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant
and doubtful,

Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he
added:

"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the
feeling that prompts me;

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of
our friendship!" 180

Then made answer John Alden: "The name of
friendship is sacred;

What you demand in that name, I have not the power
to deny you!"

So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding
the gentler,

Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on
his errand.

III.

THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his
errand, 185

Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of
the forest,

Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins
were building

Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of
verdure,

Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and free-
dom.

All around him was calm, but within him commotion
and conflict, 190

Love contending with friendship, and self with each
generous impulse.

To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving
and dashing,

As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the
ocean!

"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild
lamentation, — 195

"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illu-
sion?"

Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and wor-
shipped in silence?

Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the
shadow

188. Compare the *populous nests* in *Evangeline*, l. 136. In the *hanging gardens of verdure* there is reference to the famous hanging gardens of Babylon.

Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New
England?

Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of
corruption 200

Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of
Satan.

All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in
anger,

For I have followed too much the heart's desires and
devices, 205

Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of
Baal.

This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift
retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went
on his errand;

Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over
pebble and shallow,

Gathering still, as he went, the Mayflowers blooming
around him, 210

Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful
sweetness,

206. *Astaroth*, in the Old Testament Scripture, is the form used for the principal female divinity, as *Baal* of the principal male divinity of the Phœnicians.

210. The *Mayflower* is the well-known *Epigœa repens*, sometimes also called the Trailing Arbutus. The name *Mayflower* was familiar in England, as the application of it to the historic ship shows, but it was applied by the English, and is still, to the hawthorn. Its use here in connection with *Epigœa repens* dates from a very early day, some claiming that the first Pilgrims so used it, in affectionate memory of the vessel and its English flower associations.

Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in
their slumber.

“Puritan flowers,” he said, “and the type of Puritan
maidens,

Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Pris-
cilla !

So I will take them to her ; to Priscilla the Mayflower
of Plymouth, 215

Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I
take them ;

Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and
wither and perish,

Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver.”
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on
his errand ;

Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the
ocean, 220

Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath
of the east-wind ;

Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a
meadow ;

Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of
Priscilla

Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan
anthem,

224. The words in the version which Priscilla used sound somewhat rude to modern ears, but the music is substantially what we know as Old Hundred. The poet tells us (l. 231) that it was Ainsworth’s translation which she used. Ainsworth became a Brownist in 1590, suffered persecution, and found refuge in Holland, where he published learned commentaries and translations. His version of Psalm c. is as follows :—

1. Bow to Jehovah all the earth.
2. Serve ye Jehovah with gladness ; before him come with singing mirth.
3. Know that Jehovah he God is. It’s he that made us and not we, his flock and
sheep of his feeding.

Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the
 Psalmist, 225
 Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comfort-
 ing many.
 Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of
 the maiden
 Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a
 snow-drift
 Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the raven-
 ous spindle,
 While with her foot on the treadle she guided the
 wheel in its motion. 230
 Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of
 Ainsworth,
 Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music to-
 gether,
 Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of
 a churchyard,
 Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the
 verses.
 Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old
 Puritan anthem, 235
 She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
 Making the humble house and the modest apparel of
 homespun
 Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of
 her being !
 Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold
 and relentless,
 Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight
 and woe of his errand ; 240

4. Oh, with confession enter ye his gates, his courtyard with praising. Confess to him, bless ye his name.

5. Because Jehovah he good is ; his mercy ever is the same, and his faith unto all ages.

All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that
had vanished,

All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless man-
sion,

Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.

Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
“ Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look
backwards ; 245

Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of
life to its fountains,

Though it pass o’er the graves of the dead and the
hearths of the living,

It is the will of the Lord ; and his mercy endureth for-
ever ! ”

So he entered the house ; and the hum of the wheel
and the singing

Suddenly ceased ; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on
the threshold, 250

Rose as he entered and gave him her hand, in signal
of welcome,

Saying, “ I knew it was you, when I heard your step
in the passage ;

For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and
spinning.”

Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of
him had been mingled

Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of
the maiden, 255

Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for
an answer,

Finding no words for his thought. He remembered
that day in the winter,

After the first great snow, when he broke a path from
the village,

Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that
encumbered the doorway,

Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the
house, and Priscilla

260

Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by
the fireside,

Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her
in the snow-storm.

Had he but spoken then ! perhaps not in vain had he
spoken ;

Now it was all too late ; the golden moment had van-
ished !

So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers
for an answer.

265

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the
beautiful Spring-time ;

Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower
that sailed on the morrow.

“ I have been thinking all day,” said gently the Pu-
ritan maiden,

“ Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the
hedge-rows of England, —

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like
a garden ;

270

Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark
and the linnet,

Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neigh-
bors

Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip to-
gether,

And, at the end of the street, the village church,
with the ivy

Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in
the churchyard.

275

Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my
 religion ;
 Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in
 Old England.
 You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I
 almost
 Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely
 and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth : " Indeed I do not
 condemn you ; 280
 Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this
 terrible winter.
 Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to
 lean on ;
 So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer
 of marriage
 Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the
 Captain of Plymouth ! "

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer
 of letters, — 285
 Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful
 phrases,
 But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like
 a school-boy ;
 Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it
 more bluntly.
 Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puri-
 tan maiden
 Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with won-
 der, 290
 Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and
 rendered her speechless ;

Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence :

“If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,

Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me ?

If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning !”

295

Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,

Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy, —

Had no time for such things ; — such things ! the words grating harshly

Fell on the ear of Priscilla ; and swift as a flash she made answer :

“Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,

300

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding ?

That is the way with you men ; you don't understand us, you cannot.

When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,

Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,

305

And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman

Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,

Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.

This is not right nor just; for surely a woman's affection

Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking. 310

When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.

Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,

Even this Captain of yours — who knows? — at last might have won me,

Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla, 315

Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;

Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,

How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,

How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth;

He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly 320

Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,

321. "There are at this time in England two ancient families of the name, one of Standish Hall, and the other of Duxbury Park, both in Lancashire, who trace their descent from a common ancestor, Ralph de Standish, living in 1221. There seems always to have been a military spirit in the family. Froissart, relating in his *Chronicles* the memorable meeting between Richard II. and Wat Tyler, says that after the rebel was struck from

Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of
 Thurston de Standish ;
 Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely de-
 frauded,
 Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a
 cock argent
 Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the
 blazon. 325
 He was a man of honor, of noble and generous na-
 ture ;
 Though he was rough, he was kindly ; she knew how
 during the winter
 He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as
 woman's ;
 Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and
 headstrong,
 Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable
 always, 330
 Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little
 of stature ;
 For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly,
 courageous ;
 Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in Eng-
 land,

his horse by William Walworth, 'then a squyer of the kynges
 alyted, called John Standysshe, and he drewe out his sworde,
 and put into Wat Tyler's belye, and so he dyed.' For this act
 Standish was knighted. In 1415 another Sir John Standish
 fought at the battle of Agincourt. From his giving the name of
 Duxbury to the town where he settled, near Plymouth, and call-
 ing his eldest son Alexander (a common name in the Standish
 family), I have no doubt that Miles was a scion from this ancient
 and warlike stock." *Young's Chronicles of the Pilgrims*, foot-
 note, p. 125.

325. Terms of heraldry. *Argent* is silver and *gules* red.

Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of
Miles Standish !

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and
eloquent language, 335
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his
rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning
with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, " Why don't you speak for
yourself, John ? "

IV.

JOHN ALDEN.

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewil-
dered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the
sea-side ; 340
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to
the east-wind,
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within
him.
Slowly, as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splen-
dors,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apos-
tle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and
sapphire, 345
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured
the city.

344. See the last chapter of the Book of Revelation.

“Welcome, O wind of the East!” he exclaimed in
his wild exultation,
“Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the
misty Atlantic!
Blowing o’er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows
of sea-grass, 350
Blowing o’er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens
of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead,
and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever with-
in me!”

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning
and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the
sea-shore. 355
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of pas-
sions contending;
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded
and bleeding,
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings
of duty!
“Is it my fault,” he said, “that the maiden has chosen
between us?
Is it my fault that he failed, — my fault that I am the
victor?” 360
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the
voice of the Prophet:
“It hath displeased the Lord!” — and he thought of
David’s transgression,
Bathsheba’s beautiful face, and his friend in the front
of the battle!

Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-
condemnation,

Overwhelmed him at once ; and he cried in the deepest
contrition : 365

“ It hath displeased the Lord ! It is the temptation
of Satan ! ”

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and
beheld there

Dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower riding at
anchor,

Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the
morrow ;

Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle
of cordage 370

Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the
sailors’ “ Ay, ay, Sir ! ”

Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of
the twilight.

Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared
at the vessel,

Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckon-
ing shadow. 375

“ Yes, it is plain to me now,” he murmured ; “ the
hand of the Lord is

Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage
of error,

Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters
around me,

Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts
that pursue me.

Back will I go o’er the ocean, this dreary land will
abandon, 380

Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart
 has offended.
 Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard
 in England,
 Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my
 kindred ;
 Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame
 and dishonor !
 Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow
 chamber 385
 With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that
 glimmers
 Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of
 silence and darkness, —
 Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal here-
 after ! ”

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his
 strong resolution,
 Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in
 the twilight, 390
 Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and
 sombre,
 Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of
 Plymouth,
 Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the
 evening.
 Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable
 Captain

392. In a letter written by Edward Winslow, December 11, 1621, to a friend in England, he says : “ You shall understand that in this little time that a few of us have been here, we have built seven dwelling-houses and four for the use of the plantation.” *Young's Chronicles*, p. 230.

Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of
 Cæsar, 395

Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant
 or Flanders.

“Long have you been on your errand,” he said with a
 cheery demeanor,

Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not
 the issue.

“Not far off is the house, although the woods are be-
 tween us;

But you have lingered so long, that while you were
 going and coming 400

I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a
 city.

Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has
 happened.”

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous
 adventure

From beginning to end, minutely, just as it hap-
 pened ;

How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in
 his courtship, 405

Only smoothing a little, and softening down her re-
 fusal.

But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had
 spoken,

Words so tender and cruel, “Why don’t you speak
 for yourself, John ?”

Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on
 the floor, till his armor

Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of
 sinister omen. 410

All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explo-
 sion,

E'en as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction
around it.

Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you
have betrayed me!

Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted,
defrauded, betrayed me!

One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart
of Wat Tyler ; 415

Who shall prevent me from running my own through
the heart of a traitor ?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to
friendship !

You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and
loved as a brother ;

You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup,
to whose keeping

I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most
sacred and secret, — 420

You too, Brutus ! ah, woe to the name of friendship
hereafter !

Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but
henceforward

Let there be nothing between us save war, and impla-
cable hatred ! "

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about
in the chamber,

Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the
veins on his temples. 425

But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the
doorway,

Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent im-
portance,

Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of
Indians !

Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further
 question or parley,
 Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its
 scabbard of iron, 430
 Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning
 fiercely, departed.
 Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the
 scabbard
 Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the
 distance.
 Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the
 darkness,
 Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with
 the insult, 435
 Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands
 as in childhood,
 Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth
 in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful
 away to the council,
 Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his
 coming ;
 Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in de-
 portment, 440
 Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to
 heaven,
 Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of
 Plymouth.

442. Elder William Brewster. The elder of the Pilgrim Church was the minister who taught and administered the sacraments. He was assisted also by an officer named the ruling elder, whose function was much the same as that of the deacon in Congregational churches at the present day. The teaching elder

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for
 this planting,
 Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a
 nation ;
 So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the
 people ! 445
 Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern
 and defiant,
 Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in
 aspect ;
 While on the table before them was lying unopened a
 Bible,
 Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in
 Holland,
 And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake
 glittered, 450

included ruling among his duties ; the ruling elder sometimes taught in the absence of his superior ; the teaching elder was maintained by the people ; the ruling elder was not withdrawn from other occupations, and maintained himself. Brewster was the ruling elder in the little Plymouth Church, but in the absence of Robinson was also their teacher.

443. In Stoughton's election sermon of 1668 occurs the first use, apparently, of this oft-quoted phrase : " God sifted a whole nation that he might send a choice grain over into this wilderness."

449. The Genevan Bible was the favorite version of the Puritans, and was clung to long after the King James version had been issued. Owing to obstacles in England, the Bible was frequently printed on the Continent, once at any rate at Amsterdam.

450. As a matter of history, the first recorded instance of the rattlesnake skin challenge was in January, 1622, when Tisquantum the Indian brought a defiance from Canonicus, and the governor returned the skin stuffed with bullets. Holmes, in his *Annals* (i. 177), reminds the reader : " There is a remarkable coincidence in the form of this challenge given by the Scythian

Filled, like a quiver, with arrows: a signal and chal-
lenge of warfare,

Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy
tongues of defiance.

This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard
them debating

What were an answer befitting the hostile message
and menace,

Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting,
objecting; 455

One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the
Elder,

Judging it wise and well that some at least were con-
verted,

Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian
behavior!

Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain
of Plymouth,

Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky
with anger, 460

“What! do you mean to make war with milk and the
water of roses?

Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer
planted

There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red
devils?

Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage

prince to Darius. Five arrows made a part of the present sent
by his herald to the Persian king. The manner of declaring war
by the Aracaunian Indians of South America was by sending
from town to town an arrow clinched in a dead man's hand.”

457. The poet here has used the words of John Robinson to
the colonists after the first encounter with the Indians: “Oh,
how happy a thing had it been, if you had converted some be-
fore you had killed any!”

Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth
of the cannon !”

465

Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of
Plymouth,

Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent lan-
guage :

“ Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apos-
tles ;

Not from the cannon’s mouth were the tongues of fire
they spake with ! ”

But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain, 470
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued
discoursing :

“ Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it per-
taineth.

War is a terrible trade ; but in the cause that is
righteous,

Sweet is the smell of powder ; and thus I answer the
challenge ! ”

Then from the rattlesnake’s skin, with a sudden,
contemptuous gesture,

475

Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder
and bullets

Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the sav-
age,

Saying, in thundering tones : “ Here, take it ! this is
your answer ! ”

Silently out of the room then glided the glistening
savage,

Bearing the serpent’s skin, and seeming himself like a
serpent,

480

Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of
the forest.

V.

THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER.

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose
from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village
of Plymouth;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order impera-
tive, "Forward!"
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then
silence. 485
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the
village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous
army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the
white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the
savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of
King David; 490
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and
the Bible, —
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and
Philistines.
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of
morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, ad-
vancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated. 495
Many a mile had they marched, when at length the
village of Plymouth

Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.

Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys

Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;

Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather, 500

Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the Mayflower;

Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,

He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.

Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women

Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household. 505

Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming;

Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;

Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at anchor,

Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.

Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas, 510

Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.

Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,

Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes

Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of de-
parture ! 515

Ah ! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the
people !

Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from
the Bible,

Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent
entreaty !

Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pil-
grims of Plymouth,

Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the
sea-shore, 520

Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the May-
flower,

Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here
in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he
had lain without slumber,

Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of
his fever.

He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late
from the council, 525

Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and
murmur,

Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it
sounded like swearing.

Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a mo-
ment in silence ;

Then he had turned away, and said : " I will not
awake him ;

Let him sleep on, it is best ; for what is the use of
more talking ! " 530

Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself
down on his pallet,

Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of
the morning, —

Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his
campaigns in Flanders, —

Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for
action.

But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden
beheld him 535

Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his
armor,

Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of
the chamber.

Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned
to embrace him,

• Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for
pardon; 540

All the old friendship came back with its tender and
grateful emotions;

But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within
him, —

Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning
fire of the insult.

So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake
not,

Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he
spake not! 545

Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the peo-
ple were saying,

Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and
Richard and Gilbert,

547. The names are not taken at random. Stephen Hopkins, Richard Warren, and Gilbert Winslow were all among the Mayflower passengers, and were alive at this time.

Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of
 Scripture,
 And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to
 the sea-shore,
 Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their
 feet as a doorstep 550
 Into a world unknown, — the corner-stone of a nation !

There with his boat was the Master, already a little
 impatient
 Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift
 to the eastward,
 Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean
 about him,
 Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters
 and parcels 555
 Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled to-
 gether
 Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewil-
 dered.
 Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on
 the gunwale,
 One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with
 the sailors,
 Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for
 starting. 560
 He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his
 anguish,
 Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is
 or canvas,
 Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise
 and pursue him.
 But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of
 Priscilla

Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that
was passing. 565

Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his in-
tention,

Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring,
and patient,

That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from
its purpose,

As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is
destruction.

Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysteri-
ous instincts ! 570

Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are mo-
ments,

Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall
adamantine !

“ Here I remain ! ” he exclaimed, as he looked at the
heavens above him,

Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the
mist and the madness,

Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering
headlong. 575

“ Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether
above me,

Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over
the ocean.

There is another hand, that is not so spectral and
ghost-like,

Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for
protection.

Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the
ether ! 580

Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me ;
I heed not

Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!
 There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so
 wholesome,

As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed
 by her footsteps.

Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible
 presence 585

Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her
 weakness ;

Yes ! as my foot was the first that stepped on this
 rock at the landing,

So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the
 leaving ! ”

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air
 and important,

Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and
 the weather, 590

Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded
 around him

Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful re-
 membrance.

Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping
 a tiller,

Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his
 vessel,

Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and
 flurry, 595

Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and
 sorrow,

Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but
 Gospel !

Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of
 the Pilgrims.

O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the
Mayflower!

No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this
ploughing! 600

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of
the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponder-
ous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the
west-wind,
Blowing steady and strong; and the Mayflower sailed
from the harbor,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to
the southward 605
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First
Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open
Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts
of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of
the vessel,

605. The Gurnet, or Gurnet's Nose, is a headland connecting with Marshfield by a beach about seven miles long. On its southern extremity are two light-houses which light the entrance to Plymouth Harbor.

606. "So after we had given God thanks for our deliverance, we took our shallop and went on our journey, and called this place The First Encounter." Bradford and Winslow's *Journal* in Young's *Chronicles*, p. 159. The place on the Eastham shore marked the spot where the Pilgrims had their first encounter with the Indians, December 8, 1620. A party under Miles Standish was exploring the country while the Mayflower was at anchor in Provincetown Harbor.

Much endeared to them all, as something living and
human ; 610

Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vis-
ion prophetic,

Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Ply-
mouth

Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked
the Lord and took courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock,
and above them

Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death,
and their kindred 615

Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the
prayer that they uttered.

Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the
ocean

Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a
graveyard ;

Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.

Lo ! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an
Indian, 620

Watching them from the hill ; but while they spake
with each other,

Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying,
"Look !" he had vanished.

So they returned to their homes ; but Alden lingered
a little,

Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of
the billows

Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash
of the sunshine, 625

Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the
waters.

VI.

PRISCILLA.

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore
of the ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla ;
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like
the loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature, 630
Lo ! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing
beside him.

“ Are you so much offended, you will not speak to
me ? ” said she.
“ Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you
were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive
and wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps
of decorum ? 635
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly,
for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never
unsay it ;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so
full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like
a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its se-
cret, 640

Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered
together.

Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of
Miles Standish,

Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into
virtues,

Praising his courage and strength, and even his fight-
ing in Flanders,

As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a
woman, 645

Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting
your hero.

Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible im-
pulse.

You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friend-
ship between us,

Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily
broken ! ”

Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the
friend of Miles Standish : 650

“ I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was
angry,

Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my
keeping.”

“ No ! ” interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt
and decisive ;

“ No ; you were angry with me, for speaking so
frankly and freely.

It was wrong, I acknowledge ; for it is the fate of a
woman 655

Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost
that is speechless,

Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its
silence.

Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, un-
seen, and unfruitful, 660

Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and pro-
fitless murmurs."

Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the
lover of women :

"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla ; and truly they seem to
me always

More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden
of Eden,

More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of
Havilah flowing, 665

Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of
the garden ! "

"Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted
the maiden,

"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am
saying.

When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with
secret misgiving,

Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and
kindness, 670

Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and
direct and in earnest,

Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with
flattering phrases.

This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best
that is in you ;

659. Compare Coleridge, —

"Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea."

Vision of Kubla Khan.

For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature
 is noble,
 Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level. 675
 Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps
 the more keenly
 If you say aught that implies I am only as one among
 many,
 If you make use of those common and complimentary
 phrases
 Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with
 women,
 But which women reject as insipid, if not as insult-
 ing.” 680

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and
 looked at Priscilla,
 Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more di-
 vine in her beauty.
 He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of
 another,
 Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in
 vain for an answer.
 So the maiden went on, and little divined or im-
 agined 685
 What was at work in his heart, that made him so
 awkward and speechless.
 “Let us; then, be what we are, and speak what we
 think, and in all things
 Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred profes-
 sions of friendship.
 It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare
 it:
 I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with
 you always. 690

So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to
hear you

Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the
Captain Miles Standish.

For I must tell you the truth : much more to me is
your friendship

Than all the love he could give, were he twice the
hero you think him."

Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly
grasped it, 695

Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and
bleeding so sorely,

Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with
a voice full of feeling :

" Yes, we must ever be friends ; and of all who offer
you friendship

Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and
dearest ! "

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of
the Mayflower 700

Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the hori-
zon,

Homeward together they walked, with a strange, in-
definite feeling,

That all the rest had departed and left them alone in
the desert.

But, as they went through the fields in the blessing
and smile of the sunshine,

Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very
archly : 705

" Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit
of the Indians,

Where he is happier far than he would be command-
ing a household,

You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that hap-
pened between you,

When you returned last night, and said how ungrate-
ful you found me."

Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the
whole of the story, — 710

Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of
Miles Standish.

Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laugh-
ing and earnest,

"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!"
But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had
suffered, —

How he had even determined to sail that day in the
Mayflower, 715

And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers
that threatened, —

All her manner was changed, and she said with a fal-
tering accent,

"Truly I thank you for this: how good you have been
to me always!"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem
journeys,

Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly
backward, 720

Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of
contrition;

Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advan-
cing,

Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his
longings,

Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorse-
ful misgivings.

VII.

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching
steadily northward, 725

Winding through forest and swamp, and along the
trend of the sea-shore,

All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous
odor of powder

Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents
of the forest.

Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his
discomfort; 730

He who was used to success, and to easy victories
always,

Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by
a maiden,

Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom
most he had trusted!

Ah! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted and
chafed in his armor!

“I alone am to blame,” he muttered, “for mine was
the folly. 735

What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray
in the harness,

Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing
of maidens?

'T was but a dream, — let it pass, — let it vanish like
so many others!

What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is
worthless;

Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away,
and henceforward 746

Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers."

Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,

While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,

Looking up at the trees and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment 745

Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest ;

Women at work by the tents, and warriors, horrid with war-paint,

Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together ;

Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,

Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket, 750

Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,

Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present ;

Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.

745. The poet has taken his material for this expedition of Standish's from the report in Winslow's *Relation of Standish's Expedition against the Indians of Weymouth, and the breaking up of Weston's Colony at that place*, in March, 1623, as given in Dr. Young's *Chronicles*.

Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigantic
in stature,

Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of
Bashan ;

755

One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called
Wattawamat.

Round their necks were suspended their knives in
scabbards of wampum,

Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as
a needle.

Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and
crafty.

“Welcome, English !” they said, — these words they
had learned from the traders

760

Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer
for peltries.

Then in their native tongue they began to parley with
Standish,

Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend
of the white man,

Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for mus-
kets and powder,

Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the
plague, in his cellars,

765

Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red
man !

But when Standish refused, and said he would give
them the Bible,

Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and
to bluster.

Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of
the other,

And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to
the Captain :

770

"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the
 Captain,
 Angry is he in his heart ; but the heart of the brave
 Wattawamat
 Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a wo-
 man,
 But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven
 by lightning,
 Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons
 about him, 775
 Shouting, ' Who is there here to fight with the brave
 Wattawamat ? ' "
 Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade
 on his left hand,
 Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the
 handle,
 Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister
 meaning :
 " I have another at home, with the face of a man on
 the handle ; 780
 By and by they shall marry ; and there will be plenty
 of children ! "

775. " Among the rest Wituwamat bragged of the excellency
 of his knife. On the end of the handle there was pictured a
 woman's face ; ' but,' said he, ' I have another at home where-
 with I have killed both French and English, and that hath a
 man's face on it, and by and by these two must marry.' ' Fur-
 ther he said of that knife he there had, *Hinnaim namen, hinnaim*
michen, matta cuts ; that is to say, By and by it should see, and
 by and by it should eat, but not speak. Also Pecksuot, being a
 man of greater stature than the captain, told him, though he
 were a great captain, yet he was but a little man ; and, said he,
 though I be no sachem, yet I am a man of great strength and
 courage." Winslow's *Relation*. The poet turns the whole inci-
 dent of Standish's parley and killing of the Indians into a more
 open and brave piece of conduct than the chronicle admits.

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting
Miles Standish;
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung
at his bosom,
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back,
as he muttered,
“By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but
shall speak not!” 785
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent
to destroy us!
He is a little man; let him go and work with the
women!”

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures
of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the
forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their
bow-strings, 790
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of
their ambush.
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated
them smoothly;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days
of the fathers.
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt
and the insult,
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of
Thurston de Standish, 795
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins
of his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his
knife from its scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the
savage

Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness
upon it.

Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound
of the war-whoop, 800

And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of
December,

Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery
arrows.

Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud
came the lightning,

Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran
before it.

Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and
in thicket, 805

Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave
Wattawamat,

Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had
a bullet

Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands
clutching the greensward,

Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of
his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors
lay, and above them, 810

Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of
the white man.

811. "Hobbamock stood by all this time as a spectator, and meddled not, observing how our men demeaned themselves in this action. All being here ended, smiling, he brake forth into these speeches to the Captain: 'Yesterday Pecksuot, bragging of his own strength and stature, said, though you were a great captain, yet you were but a little man; but to-day I see you are big enough to lay him on the ground.'" Winslow's *Relation*.

Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth :

“Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength and his stature,—

Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now

Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!”

815

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.

When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,

And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wat-tawamat

Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,

All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.

820

Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,

Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish;

Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,

He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valor.

818. “Now was the Captain returned and received with joy, the head being brought to the fort, and there set up.” Winslow's *Relation*. The custom of exposing the heads of offenders in this way was familiar enough to the Plymouth people before they left England. As late as the year 1747 the heads of the lords who were concerned in the Scot's Rebellion were set up over Temple Bar, in London.

VIII.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

Month after month passed away, and in autumn the
 ships of the merchants 825
 Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn
 for the Pilgrims.
 All in the village was peace; the men were intent on
 their labors,
 Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and
 with merestead,
 Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass
 in the meadows,
 Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in
 the forest. 830
 All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor
 of warfare
 Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of
 danger.
 Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the land
 with his forces,
 Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien ar-
 mies,
 Till his name had become a sound of fear to the
 nations. 835

825. The poet again has moved the narrative forward, taking Standish's return from his expedition as the date from which after events are measured. The Anne and the Little James came at the beginning of August, 1623.

828. *Mere* or *meare* in Old English is boundary, and *merestead* becomes the bounded lot. The first entry in the records of Plymouth Colony is an incomplete list of "The Meersteads and Garden-plotes of those which came first, layed out, 1620."

Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse
and contrition
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate out-
break,
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a
river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and
brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new
habitation, 840
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs
of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered
with rushes ;
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were
of paper,
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were ex-
cluded.
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an
orchard : 845
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well
and the orchard.

843. When the *Fortune*, which visited the colony in November, 1621, returned to England, Edward Winslow wrote by it a letter of advice to those who were thinking of emigrating to America, in which he says, "Bring paper and linseed oil for your windows." Glass windows were long considered a great luxury. When the Duke of Northumberland, in Elizabeth's time, left Alnwick Castle to come to London for the winter, the few glass windows which formed one of the luxuries of the castle were carefully taken out and laid away, perhaps carried to London to adorn the city residence.

846. The Alden family still retain John Alden's homestead in Duxbury, and the present house is said to stand on the site of the one originally built there.

Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and
 secure from annoyance,
 Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Al-
 den's allotment
 In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-
 time
 Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet
 pennyroyal. 850

Of when his labor was finished, with eager feet
 would the dreamer
 Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the
 house of Priscilla,
 Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of
 fancy,
 Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance
 of friendship.
 Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls
 of his dwelling; 855
 Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of
 his garden;
 Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on
 Sunday
 Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in
 the Proverbs, —
 How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her
 always,
 How all the days of her life she will do him good, and
 not evil, 860
 How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh
 with gladness,
 How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth
 the distaff,

How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her
household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet
cloth of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the
Autumn, 865
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexter-
ous fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life
and his fortune,
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of
the spindle.
“Truly, Priscilla,” he said, “when I see you spinning
and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of
others, 870
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in
a moment ;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful
Spinner.”
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and
swifter ; the spindle
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short
in her fingers ;
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mis-
chief, continued : 875
“You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen
of Helvetia ;
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of
Southampton,

872. The legend of Bertha is given with various learning re-
garding it in a monograph entitled, *Bertha die Spinnerin*, by Karl
Joseph Simrock, Frankfurt, 1853.

Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and
meadow and mountain,

Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to
her saddle.

She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed
into a proverb. 880

So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel
shall no longer

Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers
with music.

Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was
in their childhood,

Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla
the spinner!"

Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan
maiden, 885

Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose
praise was the sweetest,

Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her
spinning,

Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering
phrases of Alden :

"Come, you must not be idle ; if I am a pattern for
housewives,

Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of
husbands. 890

Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready
for knitting ;

Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have
changed and the manners,

Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times
of John Alden !"

Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands
she adjusted,

He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended
before him,

895

She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread
from his fingers,

Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of hold-
ing,

Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled
expertly

Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares — for how could
she help it? —

Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his
body.

900

Lo ! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messen-
ger entered,

Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the
village.

Yes; Miles Standish was dead ! — an Indian had
brought them the tidings, —

Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of
the battle,

Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of
his forces ;

905

All the town would be burned, and all the people be
murdered !

Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts
of the hearers.

Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking
backward

Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in
horror ;

But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the ar-
row

910

IX.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of
purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments
resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his fore-
head,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pome-
granates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor
beneath him 930
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet
was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puri-
tan maiden.
Friends were assembled together; the Elder and
Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like
the Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth and one with the bless-
ing of heaven. 935
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth
and of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words
of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magis-
trate's presence,

927. For a description of the Jewish high-priest and his
dress, see Exodus, chapter xxviii.

After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of
Holland.

Fervently then and devoutly, the excellent Elder of
Plymouth 940

Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded
that day in affection,

Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine
benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared
on the threshold,

Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful
figure!

Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the
strange apparition? 945

Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on
his shoulder?

Is it a phantom of air, — a bodiless, spectral illu-
sion?

Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid
the betrothal?

Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, un-
welcomed;

Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an ex-
pression 950

Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart
hidden beneath them,

939. "May 12 was the first marriage in this place, which, according to the laudable custome of the Low-Cuntries, in which they had lived, was thought most requisite to be performed by the magistrate, as being a civill thing, upon which many questions about inheritances doe depende, with other things most proper to their cognizans, and most consonante to the scripturs, Ruth 4, and no wher found in the gospell to be layed on the ministers as a part of their office." Bradford's *History*, p. 101.

As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain
 cloud
 Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its
 brightness.
 Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but
 was silent,
 As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting inten-
 tion. 955
 But when were ended the troth and the prayer and
 the last benediction,
 Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with
 amazement
 Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain
 of Plymouth!
 Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion,
 "Forgive me!
 I have been angry and hurt, — too long have I cher-
 ished the feeling ; 960
 I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God ! it
 is ended.
 Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of
 Hugh Standish,
 Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for
 error.

952. *Rack*, a Shaksperian word, used possibly in two senses, either as vapor, as in the thirty-third sonnet, —

"Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,"

which is plainly the meaning here, or as a light, cirrus cloud, as in the *Tempest*, Act IV. Scene 1 : —

"And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind,"

although here, also, the meaning of vapor might be admissible. Bacon has defined rack : "The winds, which wave the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, pass without noise."

Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend
of John Alden."

Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be
forgotten between us, — 965

All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow
older and dearer!"

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,

Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry
in England,

Something of camp and of court, of town and of
country, commingled,

Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding
her husband. 970

Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage, —

If you would be well served, you must serve yourself;
and moreover,

No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of
Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet
their rejoicing,

Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their
Captain, 975

Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered
and crowded about him,

Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and
of bridegroom,

Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting
the other,

Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered
and bewildered,

He had rather by far break into an Indian encamp-
ment, 986
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not
been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood
with the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in
the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation ; 985
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren
waste of the sea-shore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the
meadows ;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the
sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and
stir of departure, 990
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient
of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was
left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of
wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud
of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of
its master, 995

Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,

Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.

She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday ;

Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.

Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others, 1000

Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,

Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.

“Nothing is wanting now,” he said with a smile, “but the distaff ;

Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha !”

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation, 1005

Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.

Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,

Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,

Tremulous, floating in air, o’er the depths of the azure abysses.

Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors, 1010

Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,

Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,

Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley
of Eshcol.

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral
ages,

Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Re-
becca and Isaac, 1015

Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful
always,

Love immortal and young in the endless succession of
lovers.

So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the
bridal procession.

[Miles Standish was not inconsolable. In the *Fortune* came a certain Barbara, whose last name is unknown, whom Standish married. He had six children, and many of his descendants are living.]

ELIZABETH.

This is one of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, and in that book, which is supposed to contain tales told one another by a party gathered in an old inn, *Elizabeth* comes from the lips of the Theologian in the company. Each tale is separated from the next by an *Interlude*, and in that which follows the present one, it is intimated that the tale of *Elizabeth* was founded on a prose tale by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, entitled *The Youthful Emigrant*, which fell under Mr. Longfellow's eye in a Portland paper. Besides this, he had recourse to *A Call to the Unfaithful Professors of Truth*, written by John Estaulgh in his Life Time and now published for General Service. So reads the title of a little book printed by Benjamin Franklin in 1744. A preface to this book, dated Haddonfield in New Jersey, the 5th 5 mo. 1743, is *Elizabeth Estaulgh's testimony to the memory of her beloved husband John Estaulgh, deceased*. Several expressions in the poem are derived from this little book. Mr. Longfellow here employed again the hexameter, which he did so much to revive when he wrote *Evangeline* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.

I.

“ АН, how short are the days! How soon the night
overtakes us!

In the old country the twilight is longer; but here in
the forest

Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly a pause in its
coming,

Hardly a moment between the two lights, the day and
the lamplight;

Yet how grand is the winter! How spotless the snow
is, and perfect!”

Thus spake Elizabeth Haddon at nightfall to Hannah the housemaid,
As in the farm-house kitchen, that served for kitchen
and parlor,
By the window she sat with her work, and looked on a
landscape
White as the great white sheet that Peter saw in his
vision,
By the four corners let down and descending out of the
heavens. 10
Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the
fields and the meadows.
Nothing was dark but the sky, and the distant Delaware
flowing
Down from its native hills, a peaceful and bountiful
river.

Then with a smile on her lips made answer Hannah
the housemaid :
“ Beautiful winter ! yea, the winter is beautiful,
surely, 15
If one could only walk like a fly with one’s feet on the
ceiling.
But the great Delaware River is not like the Thames,
as we saw it
Out of our upper windows in Rotherhithe Street in the
Borough,
Crowded with masts and sails of vessels coming and
going ;
Here there is nothing but pines, with patches of snow
on their branches. 20
There is snow in the air, and see ! it is falling al-
ready ;

All the roads will be blocked, and I pity Joseph to-
 morrow,
 Breaking his way through the drifts, with his sled and
 oxen ; and then, too,
 How in all the world shall we get to Meeting on First-
 day ? ”

But Elizabeth checked her, and answered, mildly
 reproving : 25
 “ Surely the Lord will provide ; for unto the snow
 He sayeth,
 Be thou on the earth, the good Lord sayeth ; He
 it is
 Giveth snow like wool, like ashes scatters the hoar-
 frost.”
 So she folded her work and laid it away in her basket.

Meanwhile Hannah the housemaid had closed and
 fastened the shutters, 30
 Spread the cloth, and lighted the lamp on the table, and
 placed there
 Plates and cups from the dresser, the brown rye loaf,
 and the butter
 Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting her hand
 with a holder,
 Took from the crane in the chimney the steaming and
 simmering kettle,
 Poised it aloft in the air, and filled up the earthen tea-
 pot, 35
 Made in Delft, and adorned with quaint and wonder-
 ful figures.

24. The Friends refuse to use the ordinary names of the days
 of the week, because they imply tribute to pagan gods.

Then Elizabeth said : “ Lo ! Joseph is long on his errand.

I have sent him away with a hamper of food and of clothing

For the poor in the village. A good lad and cheerful is Joseph ;

In the right place is his heart, and his hand is ready and willing.”

40

Thus in praise of her servant she spake, and Hannah the housemaid

Laughed with her eyes, as she listened, but governed her tongue, and was silent,

While her mistress went on : “ The house is far from the village ;

We should be lonely here, were it not for Friends that in passing

Sometimes tarry o’ernight, and make us glad by their coming.”

45

Thereupon answered Hannah the housemaid, the thrifty, the frugal :

“ Yea, they come and they tarry, as if thy house were a tavern ;

Open to all are its doors, and they come and go like the pigeons

In and out of the holes of the pigeon-house over the hayloft,

Cooing and smoothing their feathers, and basking themselves in the sunshine.”

50

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly, Elizabeth answered :

“ All I have is the Lord’s, not mine to give or withhold it ;

I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to those of
his people

Who in journeyings often surrender their lives to his
service.

His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far can I make
them

55

Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given.
Therefore my excellent father first built this house in
the clearing ;

Though he came not himself, I came ; for the Lord
was my guidance,

Leading me here for this service. We must not
grudge, then, to others

Ever the cup of cold water, or crumbs that fall from
our table."

60

Thus rebuked, for a season was silent the penitent
housemaid ;

And Elizabeth said in tones even sweeter and softer :

" Dost thou remember, Hannah, the great May-Meet
ing in London,

When I was still a child, how we sat in the silen^t
assembly,

Waiting upon the Lord in patient and passive sub-
mission ?

65

No one spake, till at length a young man, a stranger,
John Estaugh,

Moved by the Spirit, rose, as if he were John the
Apostle,

Speaking such words of power that they bowed our
hearts, as a strong wind

Bends the grass of the fields, or grain that is ripe for
the sickle.

Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne inward
upon me,

70

Wherefore I do not know ; but strong is the feeling
 within me
That once more I shall see a face I have never for-
 gotten."

II.

E'en as she spake they heard the musical jangle of
 sleigh-bells,
First far off, with a dreamy sound and faint in the
 distance,
Then growing nearer and louder, and turning into the
 farmyard, 75
Till it stopped at the door, with a sudden creaking of
 runners.
Then there were voices heard as of two men talking
 together,
And to herself, as she listened, upbraiding said Han-
 nah the housemaid,
"It is Joseph come back, and I wonder what stranger
 is with him."

Down from its nail she took and lighted the great tin
 lantern, 80
Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed like the top
 of a lighthouse,
And went forth to receive the coming guest at the door-
 way,
Casting into the dark a network of glimmer and shadow
Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh, and the horses,
And the forms of men, snow-covered, looming gigan-
 tic. 85
Then giving Joseph the lantern, she entered the house
 with the stranger.

Youthful he was and tall, and his cheeks aglow with
the night air ;

And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and, going to meet
him,

As if an unseen power had announced and preceded
his presence,

And he had come as one whose coming had long been
expected, 98

Quietly gave him her hand, and said, "Thou art wel-
come, John Estaugh."

And the stranger replied, with staid and quiet behav-
ior :

"Dost thou remember me still, Elizabeth ? After so
many

Years have passed, it seemeth a wonderful thing that
I find thee.

Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me here to thy
threshold. 99

For as I journeyed along, and pondered alone and in
silence

On his ways, that are past finding out, I saw in the
snow-mist,

Seemingly weary with travel, a wayfarer, who by the
wayside

Paused and waited. Forthwith I remembered Queen
Candace's eunuch,

How on the way that goes down from Jerusalem unto
Gaza, 100

Reading Esaias the Prophet, he journeyed, and spake
unto Philip,

Praying him to come up and sit in his chariot with
him.

So I greeted the man, and he mounted the sledge
beside me,
And as we talked on the way he told me of thee and
thy homestead,
How, being led by the light of the Spirit, that never
deceiveth, 105
Full of zeal for the work of the Lord, thou hadst come
to this country.
And I remembered thy name, and thy father and
mother in England,
And on my journey have stopped to see thee, Eliza-
beth Haddon,
Wishing to strengthen thy hand in the labors of love
thou art doing."

And Elizabeth answered with confident voice, and
serenely 110
Looking into his face with her innocent eyes as she
answered,
"Surely the hand of the Lord is in it; his Spirit
hath led thee
Out of the darkness and storm to the light and peace
of my fireside."

Then, with stamping of feet the door was opened,
and Joseph
Entered, bearing the lantern, and carefully blowing
the light out, 115
Hung it up on its nail, and all sat down to their sup-
per;
For underneath that roof was no distinction of per-
sons,
But one family only, one heart, one hearth, and one
household.

When the supper was ended, they drew their chairs
to the fireplace,
Spacious, open-hearted, profuse of flame and of fire-
wood, 124
Lord of forests unfelled, and not a gleaner of fagots,
Spreading its arms to embrace with inexhaustible
bounty
All who fled from the cold, exultant laughing at win-
ter!
Only Hannah the housemaid was busy in clearing the
table,
Coming and going, and bustling about in closet and
chamber. 125

Then Elizabeth told her story again to John Es-
taugh,
Going far back to the past, to the early days of her
childhood;
How she had waited and watched, in all her doubt and
besetments,
Comforted with the extendings and holy, sweet inflow-
ings
Of the spirit of love, till the voice imperative sounded,
And she obeyed the voice, and cast in her lot with her
people 131
Here in the desert land, and God would provide for the
issue.

Meanwhile Joseph sat with folded hands, and de-
murely
Listened, or seemed to listen, and in the silence that
followed
Nothing was heard for a while but the step of Hannah
the housemaid 135

Walking the floor overhead, and setting the chambers in order.

And Elizabeth said, with a smile of compassion, "The maiden

Hath a light heart in her breast, but her feet are heavy and awkward."

Inwardly Joseph laughed, but governed his tongue and was silent.

Then came the hour of sleep, death's counterfeit,
nightly rehearsal 140

Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting of shadows, where no man

Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace and rest are unbroken !

Silently over that house the blessing of slumber descended.

But when the morning dawned, and the sun uprose in his splendor,

Breaking his way through clouds that encumbered his path in the heavens, 145

Joseph was seen with his sled and oxen breaking a pathway

Through the drifts of snow ; the horses already were harnessed,

And John Estaugh was standing and taking leave at the threshold,

Saying that he should return at the Meeting in May ; while above them

Hannah the housemaid, the homely, was looking out of the attic, 150

Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly closing the casement,

As the bird in a cuckoo-clock peeps out of its window, Then disappears again, and closes the shutter behind it

III.

Now was the winter gone, and the snow; and Robin
 the Redbreast
 Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no
 other 155
 That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood,
 and blithely
 All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his
 boasting,
 Or for his Babes in the Wood, or the Cruel Uncle,
 and only
 Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for
 the nests they were building.
 With them, but more sedately and meekly, Elizabeth
 Haddon 160
 Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and
 songless.
 Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms
 and music,
 Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with mel-
 odies vernal.

Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning, that
 slowly
 Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims,
 Men and women, wending their way to the Quarterly
 Meeting 165
 In the neighboring town; and with them came riding
 John Estaugh.
 At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alight-
 ing
 Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye, and the
 honey

Brought from the hives that stood by the sunny wall
of the garden ; 170

Then remounted their horses, refreshed, and continued
their journey,

And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah
the housemaid.

But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, and
leaning

Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John Estaugh :

“Tarry a while behind, for I have something to tell
thee, 175

Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of
others ;

Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth.”

And they rode slowly along through the woods, conversing together.

It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest ;

It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning ! 180

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,

As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded :

“I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell
thee ;

I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee,
John Estaugh.”

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised at the words she had spoken ; 185

"Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meek-
 ness of spirit ;
 Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immac-
 ulate whiteness,
 Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorn-
 ing.
 But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct
 me.
 When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the
 labor completed 190
 He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the still-
 ness
 Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for his
 guidance."

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in
 spirit :
 "So is it best, John Estaugh. We will not speak of
 it further.
 It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for to-
 morrow 195
 Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not
 When I shall see thee more ; but if the Lord hath de-
 creed it,
 Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find me."
 And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town
 with the others.

IV.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in
 passing, 200
 Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the dark-
 ness ;

So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a
silence.

Now went on as of old the quiet life of the home-
stead.
Patient and unrepining Elizabeth labored, in all
things 205
Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of
others,
Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled ; and Han-
nah the housemaid,
Diligent early and late, and rosy with washing and
scouring,
Still as of old disparaged the eminent merits of Joseph,
And was at times reproved for her light and frothy
behavior, 210
For her shy looks, and her careless words, and her evil
surmisings,
Being pressed down somewhat, like a cart with sheaves
overladen,
As she would sometimes say to Joseph, quoting the
Scriptures.

Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across the sea,
and departing
Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and pre-
cious, 215
Filling its chambers with fragrance, and seeming to
him in its sweetness
Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled all the house
with its odor.
O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and
waiting!

O lost hours and days in which we might have been
happy!

But the light shone at last, and guided his wavering
footsteps, 220

And at last came the voice, imperative, questionless,
certain.

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the
gift that was offered,
Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's
affection.

And on the First-Day that followed, he rose in the
Silent Assembly,
Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a
little, 225

Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things.
Such were the marriage rites of John and Elizabeth
Estaugh.

And not otherwise Joseph, the honest, the diligent
servant,
Sped in his bashful wooing with homely Hannah the
housemaid;
For when he asked her the question, she answered,
"Nay;" and then added: 230
"But thee may make believe, and see what will come
of it, Joseph."

INTERLUDE.

"A PLEASANT and a winsome tale,"
The Student said, "though somewhat pale
And quiet in its coloring,

As if it caught its tone and air
From the gray suits that Quakers wear ; 5
Yet worthy of some German bard,
Hebel, or Voss, or Eberhard,
Who love of humble themes to sing,
In humble verse ; but no more true
Than was the tale I told to you.” 10

The Theologian made reply,
And with some warmth, “ That I deny ;
’T is no invention of my own,
But something well and widely known 15
To readers of a riper age,
Writ by the skilful hand that wrote
The Indian tale of Hobomok,
And Philothea’s classic page.
I found it like a waif afloat,
Or dulse uprooted from its rock, 20
On the swift tides that ebb and flow
In daily papers, and at flood
Bear freighted vessels to and fro,
But later, when the ebb is low,
Leave a long waste of sand and mud.” 25

“ It matters little,” quoth the Jew ;
“ The cloak of truth is lined with lies,
Sayeth some proverb old and wise ;
And Love is master of all arts,
And puts it into human hearts 30
The strangest things to say and do.”

16. The fullest account of this author is to be found in *Letters of Lydia Maria Child, with a Biographical Introduction by John G. Whittier, and an Appendix by Wendell Phillips, 1883.*

And here the controversy closed
Abruptly, ere 't was well begun ;
For the Sicilian interposed
With, " Lordlings, listen, every one 35
That listen may, unto a tale
That 's merrier than the nightingale ;
A tale that cannot boast, forsooth,
A single rag or shred of truth ;
That does not leave the mind in doubt 40
As to the with it or without ;
A naked falsehood and absurd
As mortal ever told or heard.
Therefore I tell it ; or, maybe,
Simply because it pleases me." 45

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

COMPLETE WORKS.

SUBSCRIPTION EDITION.

POETICAL WORKS. *Subscription Edition.* Containing a fine Portrait and over six hundred Illustrations by the best American artists. In thirty 4to parts. Price of each Part, 50 cents.

PROSE WORKS, with Later Poems and a Biographical Sketch. *Subscription Edition.* Uniform in style with the Poetical Works. Superbly illustrated. In fifteen 4to Parts. Price of each Part, 50 cents.

The entire set of forty-five Parts (which may be had in three bound volumes) contains all Mr. LONGFELLOW'S Poetical and Prose Writings. (*Sold only by Subscription.*) Descriptive circulars of this edition will be sent upon application.

RIVERSIDE EDITION.

With Text from the last revised by the Author, including all Poems which have been authorized to appear since his death, and the translation of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante. With Notes (many of them by Mr. Longfellow) giving various readings, and Literary, Historical, Biographical, and Bibliographical Information, a Table of First Lines, Indexes, etc. Together with five steel Portraits of Longfellow. In eleven volumes, crown 8vo, gilt top, the set, \$16.50; half calf, \$33.00; half calf, gilt top, \$35.75; half polished morocco, \$35.75; half levant, \$44.00.

PROSE WORKS (Volumes 1 and 2), separate, \$3.00.

POETICAL WORKS (Volumes 3-8), separate, \$9.00.

TRANSLATION OF THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE (Volumes 9-11), separate, \$4.50.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS.

Cambridge Edition. From entirely new plates, printed from large type, on opaque paper. With Portrait. Large crown 8vo, gilt top, \$2.00.

Handy-Volume Edition. 5 vols. 16mo, gilt top, the set, in cloth box, \$6.25.

Household Edition. With Portrait, Index, and Notes. Crown 8vo, \$1.50; full gilt, \$2.00; half calf, \$3.00; levant, or tree calf, \$5.00.

Illustrated Library Edition. With Portrait and forty-eight full-page Illustrations. 8vo, gilt top, \$2.50; half calf, \$5.00; tree calf, or levant, \$7.50.

New Cabinet Edition. With Portrait, numbered lines, and Indexes to Titles and First Lines. 16mo, gilt top, \$1.00; half calf, \$2.25.

Illustrated Octavo Edition. With portrait, and three hundred Illustrations. 8vo, full gilt, \$3.50; half calf, \$6.00; levant, or tree calf, \$8.00.

CHRISTUS. A Mystery. In Three Parts. I. The Divine Tragedy; II. The Golden Legend; III. The New England Tragedies: — John Endicott; Giles Corey of the Salem Farms. Finale: St. John.

Cabinet Edition. 18mo, \$1.00; half calf, \$2.25; flexible calf, or flexible levant, \$3.00; tree calf, \$3.50.

Household Edition. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, half calf, \$3.00; levant, or tree calf, \$5.00.

POEMS.

Family Edition. Illustrated. 8vo, full gilt, \$2.00.

The above volume does not contain The Divine Tragedy, The Golden Legend, and The New England Tragedies, which are grouped in "Christus."

SEPARATE WORKS AND COMPILATIONS.

OUTRE-MER. 16mo.....	\$1.50	THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP. Illus-	
<i>Popular Edition.</i> Cloth, 50, paper	.25	trated. 16mo, brocaded bind-	
HYPERION. A Romance. <i>Popular</i>		ing, full flexible leather.....	\$1.50
<i>Edition.</i> Cloth, 50, paper.....	.25	THE HANGING OF THE CRANE, AND	
KAVANAGH. A Romance. 16mo..	1.50	OTHER POEMS OF THE HOME.	
HYPERION AND KAVANAGH. In Cam-		<i>Holiday Edition.</i> Illustrated.	
bridge Classics. 1 vol. crown 8vo,		16mo.....	1.50
gilt top.....	1.00	BALLADS, LYRICS, AND SONNETS. In	
THE GOLDEN LEGEND. 16mo.....	1.00	Lyric and Sonnet Series.....	.75
TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN. 16mo..	1.00	MICHAEL ANGELO. A Dramatic	
EVANGELINE. 16mo.....	1.00	Poem. Illustrated. 4to.....	5.00
THE SAME. <i>Holiday Edition</i> ...	2.50	LONGFELLOW BIRTHDAY BOOK. 16mo	1.00
<i>Phototype Edition.</i> 4to.....	7.50	LONGFELLOW CALENDAR BOOK. 32mo,	
<i>Photogravure Edition.</i> With pho-		paper	.25
togravure reproductions of six-		TRANSLATION OF THE DIVINA COM-	
teen designs by F. O. C. DARLEY.		MEDIA OF DANTE. 8vo.....	2.50
8vo, gilt top.....	2.00	POEMS OF PLACES. Thirty-one vol-	
THE SONG OF HIAWATHA. 16mo..	1.00	umes. Each volume, 18mo....	1.00
THE SAME. <i>Holiday Edition.</i> Il-		THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.	
lustrated by FREDERIC REMING-		<i>Illustrated Edition.</i> With de-	
TON, and a steel Portrait. Full		signs by GEORGE H. BOUGH-	
buckskin. 8vo, gilt top.....	6.00	TON, FRANK T. MERRILL, and	
THE SAME. <i>New Popular Edition.</i>		others: Facsimiles and Notes	
Illustrated by FREDERIC REM-		on Colonial Plymouth. Crown	
INGTON. Crown 8vo, gilt top..	2.00	8vo, gilt top.....	1.50

Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. By SAMUEL LONGFELLOW. With extracts from his Journals and Correspondence. With Portraits, Illustrations, Facsimiles, etc. 3 vols. crown 8vo, gilt top, \$6.00; half calf, \$9.00; half calf, gilt top, \$9.75.

Longfellow's Residence. A colored lithograph of the historic mansion ("Washington's Headquarters") at Cambridge, in which Mr. Longfellow lived for forty years. Size, 12 by 16 inches. Price, 50 cents, *net*.

The Atlantic Life-Size Portrait of Longfellow. Size, 24 by 30 inches. Price, \$1.00.

Steel Portraits: Longfellow, at Bowdoin; young man; at 33, after Thompson; at 45, after Alexander; at 47, after Lawrence; at 55, etching, after Healy; at 61, etching, by Schoff; at 69, by his son; at 72; same period, profile; Westminster bust. Size, that of a cabinet photograph. Price, 25 cents each. On India paper, 75 cents each.

FOR SCHOOL USE.

Riverside Literature Series.

No. 1. <i>Evangeline.</i>	Nos. 33, 34, 35. <i>Tales of a Wayside Inn.</i>
No. 2. <i>The Courtship of Miles Standish.</i>	No. 38. <i>The Building of the Ship, etc.</i>
No. 3. <i>The Same, dramatized.</i>	No. 146. <i>Giles Corey.</i>
No. 11. <i>The Children's Hour, etc.</i>	Extra No. C. <i>A Longfellow Night. For</i>
No. 63. <i>Paul Revere's Ride, etc.</i>	<i>Catholic Schools and Societies.</i>
[Nos. 11 and 63 also in one vol. linen.]	Extra No. F. <i>Longfellow Leaflets (Dou-</i>
No. 12. <i>Studies in Longfellow, etc.</i>	<i>ble Number).</i> Paper and linen.
Nos. 13, 14. <i>The Song of Hiawatha.</i>	Extra No. P. <i>The Hiawatha Primer</i>
Nos. 25, 26. <i>The Golden Legend.</i>	<i>(Special Number).</i> Cloth only.

For descriptions and prices, see the covers of this book.

Modern Classics: Vol. 1. *Evangeline*; *The Courtship of Miles Standish*; *Favorite Poems.* 32mo. *School Edition*, 40 cents, *net*.

Riverside School Library: *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, and *The Courtship of Miles Standish.* *Tales of a Wayside Inn.* *The Children's Hour*, and *Other Poems.* Each, 16mo, half leather, 60 cents, *net*.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FOR SCHOOLS

PRIMARY HISTORY

In preparation for Fiske's History of the United States and other regular text-books of the Grammar Grades.

Hawthorne's Grandfather's Chair: True Stories from New England History (1620-1803). In Riverside Literature Series, Nos. 7, 8, 9. New edition, revised and enlarged, with Portrait of Hawthorne, Biographical Sketch, Notes, and Twelve Historical Illustrations. Each number, paper covers, 15 cents, *net*; the three parts bound in one volume, linen, 50 cents, *net*.

Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography, with a chapter completing his "Life" (1706-1790). In Riverside Literature Series, Nos. 19, 20. With Notes, a Chronological Table, and Five Illustrations. Each part separate, paper covers, 15 cents, *net*; the two numbers in one volume, linen, 40 cents, *net*.

Scudder's George Washington, An Historical Biography (1732-1799). With Portrait. In Riverside Literature Series, Double No. 75. Paper covers, 30 cents, *net*; linen, 40 cents, *net*.

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL.

(CORRELATED LITERATURE).

Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha. With Introductions, Notes, Eight full-page Illustrations by Remington, Illustrations of Indian Wearing Apparel and Utensils, and a Pronouncing Vocabulary. In Riverside Literature Series, Nos. 13, 14. Each part, separate, paper covers, 15 cents, *net*; the two numbers in one volume, linen, 40 cents, *net*.

Hawthorne's Biographical Stories (1706-1820). With Questions. In Riverside Literature Series, No. 10. Paper covers, 15 cents, *net*; bound up with No. 29, containing other stories by Hawthorne, in linen, 40 cents, *net*.

Longfellow's Courtship of Miles Standish; Elizabeth (1620-1624). In Riverside Literature Series, No. 2. With Notes. Paper covers, 15 cents, *net*; linen, 25 cents, *net*.

Holmes's Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle, Lexington, and Other Poems (1773-1865). With a Portrait, Biographical Sketch, and Notes. Riverside Literature Series, No. 6, paper covers, 15 cents, *net*; bound up with No. 31, containing prose papers by Holmes, linen, 40 cents, *net*.

Longfellow's Paul Revere's Ride, the Cumberland, and Other Poems (1775-1862). With Notes. In Riverside Literature Series, No. 63, paper covers, 15 cents, *net*; bound up with No. 11, containing other poems by Longfellow, linen, 40 cents, *net*.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FOR SCHOOLS

GRAMMAR SCHOOL HISTORY

John Fiske's History of the United States for Schools. With Topics and Questions, Suggestive Questions and Directions, and Topics for Collateral Reading by F. A. Hill. With many Maps and Illustrations, and full Bibliographical Lists and Aids to Outside Reading. \$1.00, *net*. An admirable book for use in the Seventh and Eighth Grades. *Revised and Enlarged Edition.*

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL.

A Bird's-Eye View of our Civil War. By THEODORE A. RAULT DODGE, U. S. A. With Maps and Illustrations. Revised *Students' Edition*. Crown 8vo, 348 pages, \$1.00, *net*.

CORRELATED LITERATURE. (*R. L. S. means Riverside Literature Series.*)

Longfellow's Giles Corey of the Salem Farms (Salem Witchcraft Delusion, 1692). With Introductory Note and Stage Directions. R. L. S. 146. Paper Covers, 15 cents, *net*.

Washington's Rules of Conduct, Diary of Adventure, and Farewell Addresses (1753-1796). With Introductions and Notes. R. L. S. No. 24. Paper covers, 15 cents, *net*; linen, 25 cents, *net*.

Longfellow's Evangeline (1755-1793). With a Portrait, Biographical Sketch, Sketch of Longfellow's Home Life by his daughter Alice M. Longfellow, Historical Introduction, Notes, Illustrations, Map of Acadia, and a Pronouncing Vocabulary. R. L. S. No. 1. Paper covers, 15 cents, *net*; linen, 25 cents, *net*.

Lowell's Under the Old Elm, Concord Ode, and Other Poems (1775). With a Biographical Sketch, and Notes. R. L. S. No. 15. Paper covers, 15 cents, *net*; with Lowell's Vision of Sir Launfal, etc. (No. 30), linen, 40 cents, *net*.

Fiske's War of Independence (1775-1789). With Maps and a Biographical Sketch. R. L. S. Double No. 62. Paper covers, 30 cents, *net*; linen, 40 cents, *net*.

Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration, and Oration on Adams and Jefferson (1825, 1826). R. L. S. No. 56. Paper covers, 15 cents, *net*.

The Great Debate between Hayne and Webster: Hayne's Speech; Webster's Reply to Hayne (1830). With Introductory Sketches and Notes. R. L. S. Nos. 121, 122. Each, separate, paper covers, 15 cents, *net*. The two numbers in one volume, linen, 40 cents, *net*.

Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin (1851). With an Introductory Sketch. R. L. S. Quadruple No. 88. Paper covers, 50 cents, *net*; linen, 60 cents, *net*.

Carl Schurz's Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865). Together with Testimonies by Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, and Lowell, and a Biographical Sketch of Carl Schurz. R. L. S. No. 133. Paper covers, 15 cents, *net*.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech, Inaugural Addresses, and Other Papers, with Lowell's Essay on Lincoln (1861-1865). R. L. S. No. 32. Paper covers, 15 cents, *net*; with Carl Schurz's Abraham Lincoln, etc. (No. 133), linen, 40 cents, *net*.

Holmes's My Hunt after the Captain, and Other Papers (1862). R. L. S. No. 31. Paper covers, 15 cents, *net*; with No. 6 (Grandmother's Story, etc.), linen, 40 cents, *net*.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY.

POPULAR SCHOOL READERS, CONTAINING GOOD LITERATURE DRAWN
PRINCIPALLY FROM THE RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES.

American Poems.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF

LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, BRYANT, HOLMES, LOWELL,
AND EMERSON.

With Biographical Sketches, and Notes explaining the Historical and
Personal Allusions. 1 vol. crown 8vo, 462 pages, \$1.00, *net*.

The list of pieces selected is as follows:—

LONGFELLOW: *Evangeline*; *The Courtship of Miles Standish*;
The Building of the Ship.

WHITTIER: *Snow-Bound*; *Among the Hills*; *Mabel Martin*; *Cob-
bler Keezar's Vision*; *Barclay of Ury*; *The Two Rabbis*; *The
Gift of Tritemius*; *The Brother of Mercy*; *The Prophecy of
Samuel Sewall*; *Maud Muller*.

BRYANT: *Sella*; *The Little People of the Snow*.

HOLMES: *Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle*; *The School-
Boy*.

LOWELL: *The Vision of Sir Launfal*; *Under the Willows*; *Under
the Old Elm*; *Agassiz*.

EMERSON: *The Adirondacks*; *The Titmouse*; *Monadnoc*.

APPENDIX: *In the Laboratory with Agassiz*.

All the poems are given in full, and foot-notes explain passages con-
taining allusions which might not be understood by readers.

Brief biographical sketches of the poets are also given.

American Prose.

SELECTIONS OF ENTIRE ESSAYS, SKETCHES, AND STORIES, FROM THE
WORKS OF

HAWTHORNE, IRVING, LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER,
HOLMES, LOWELL, THOREAU, EMERSON.

With Introductions and Notes. Crown 8vo, 420 pages, \$1.00, *net*.

The selections comprised in this book are as follows:—

HAWTHORNE: *The Snow-Image*; *The Great Stone Face*; *Drowne's
Wooden Image*; *Howe's Masquerade*.

IRVING: *Rip Van Winkle*; *Little Britain*.

LONGFELLOW: *The Valley of the Loire*; *Journey into Spain*.

WHITTIER: *Yankee Gypsies*; *The Boy Captives*.

HOLMES: *The Gambrel-Roofed House*.

LOWELL: *My Garden Acquaintance*; *Abraham Lincoln*; *Books
and Libraries*.

THOREAU: *Sounds*; *Brute Neighbors*; *The Highland Light*.

EMERSON: *Behavior*; *Books*.

Any person familiar with these essays and stories will recognize
their great and varied interest, as well as their unquestionable liter-
ary excellence.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY,

4 PARK STREET, BOSTON; 11 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK,
378-388 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO.

The Riverside Literature Series — Continued

72. Milton's *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus, Lycidas, and Sonnets*.***
73. Tennyson's *Enoch Arden, and Other Poems*.*
74. Gray's *Elegy, etc.*; Cowper's *John Gilpin, etc.*
75. Scudder's *George Washington*.§
76. Wordsworth's *On the Intimations of Immortality, and Other Poems*.
77. Burns's *Cotter's Saturday Night, and Other Poems*.
78. Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*.§
79. Lamb's *Old China, and Other Essays of Elia*.
80. Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner, etc.*; Campbell's *Lochiel's Warning, etc.**
81. Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*.§§
82. Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*.§§§
83. George Eliot's *Silas Marner*.§
84. Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*.§§§
85. Hughes's *Tom Brown's School Days*.§§
86. Scott's *Ivanhoe*.§§§
87. Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*.§§§
88. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.§§§
89. Swift's *Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput*.**
90. Swift's *Gulliver's Voyage to Brobdingnag*.**
91. Hawthorne's *House of the Seven Gables*.§§§
92. Burroughs's *A Bunch of Herbs, and Other Papers*.
93. Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.***
94. Milton's *Paradise Lost. Books I.-III*.**
- 95, 96, 97, 98. Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans*. In four parts.
(*The four parts also bound in one volume, linen, 60 cents.*)
99. Tennyson's *Coming of Arthur, and Other Idylls of the King*.
100. Burke's *Conciliation with the Colonies*. ROBERT ANDERSEN, A. M.*
101. Homer's *Iliad. Books I., VI., XXII., and XXIV*. POPE.*
102. Macaulay's *Essays on Johnson and Goldsmith*.*
103. Macaulay's *Essay on Milton*.***
104. Macaulay's *Life and Writings of Addison*.***
Nos. 102, 103, and 104 are edited by WILLIAM P. TRENT.
105. Carlyle's *Essay on Burns*. GEORGE R. NOYES.*
106. Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, and HELEN GRAY CONE.***
- 107, 108. Grimms' *German Household Tales*. In two parts.†
109. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. W. V. MOODY.§
110. De Quincey's *Flight of a Tartar Tribe*. MILTON HAIGHT TURK.*
111. Tennyson's *Princess*. ROLFE. (*Double Number, 30 cents. Also, in Rolfe's Students' Series, cloth, to Teachers, 53 cents.*)

EXTRA NUMBERS

- A American Authors and their Birthdays. For the Celebration of the Birthdays of Authors. By A. S. ROE.
- B Portraits and Biographies of Twenty American Authors.
- C A Longfellow Night. For Catholic Schools and Societies.
- D Literature in School. Essays by HORACE E. SCUDDER.
- E Harriet Beecher Stowe. Dialogues and Scenes.
- F Longfellow Leaflets.
- G Whittier Leaflets. (Each a *Double Number, 30 cents; linen, 40 cents.*)
- H Holmes Leaflets. Poems and Prose Passages for Reading and Recitation.
- O Lowell Leaflets.
- I The Riverside Manual for Teachers. Suggestions and Illustrative Lessons Leading up to Primary Reading. By I. F. HALL.
- K The Riverside Primer and Reader. (*Special Number.*) Paper, with cloth back, 25 cents; strong linen, 30 cents.
- L The Riverside Song Book. 120 Classic American Poems set to Standard Music. (*Double Number, 30 cents; boards, 40 cents.*)
- M Lowell's Fable for Critics. (*Double Number, 30 cents.*)
- N Selections from the Writings of Eleven American Authors.
- P The Hiawatha Primer. (*Special Number.*) Based on Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha*, and designed as the child's first book in reading. By FLOR-ENCE HOLBROOK. Cloth only, 40 cents.
- Q Selections from the Writings of Eleven English Authors.
- R Hawthorne. Selected *Twice-Told Tales*. N. Y. Regents' Requirements. Paper, 20 cents; cloth, 30 cents.

For explanation of signs, see end of list.

The Riverside Literature Series — Continued

112. Virgil's *Æneid*. Books I.-III. Translated by CRANCH.
113. Poems from the Writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson. GEORGE H. BROWNE.**
114. Old Greek Folk Stories. JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.*
115. Browning's *Pied Piper of Hamelin*, and Other Poems.
116. Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. RICHARD GRANT WHITE and HELEN GRAY CONE.§
- 117, 118. Stories from the *Arabian Nights*. In two parts.†
119. Poe's *Raven*, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, etc.**
120. Poe's *Gold-Bug*, *The Purloined Letter*, and Other Tales.**
- Nos. 119, 120, are edited by WILLIAM P. TRENT.
121. *The Great Debate: Hayne's Speech*.**
122. *The Great Debate: Webster's Reply to Hayne*.**
- Nos. 121, 122, are edited by LINDSAY SWIFT.
123. Lowell's *Democracy*, and Other Papers.**
124. Aldrich's *Baby Bell*, the *Little Violinist*, etc.
125. Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite*. ARTHUR GILMAN.*
126. *The King of the Golden River* by JOHN RUSKIN; and Other Wonder Stories.*
127. Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, and Other Poems.
128. Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*, and Other Poems.
129. Plato's *The Judgment of Socrates: being The Apology, Crito, and the Closing Scene of Phædo*. Translated by PAUL E. MORE.
130. Emerson's *The Superlative*, and Other Essays.
131. Emerson's *Nature*, and *Compensation*. Edited by EDWARD W. EMERSON.
132. Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum*, and Other Poems. LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.
133. Carl Schurz's *Abraham Lincoln*.**
134. Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. ROLFE. (*Double Number*, 30 cents. Also in *Rolfe's Students' Series*, cloth, to Teachers, 53 cents.)
- 135, 136. Chaucer's *Prologue*, *The Knight's Tale*, and *The Nun's Priest's Tale*. [135] Introduction, and *The Prologue*. [136] *The Knight's Tale*, and *The Nun's Priest's Tale*. FRANK J. MATHER, JR.**
137. Homer's *Iliad*. Books I., VI., XXII., and XXIV. Translated by BRYANT.
138. Hawthorne's *The Custom House*; and *Main Street*.
139. Howells's *Doorstep Acquaintance*, and Other Sketches.
140. Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*. With Introduction and many Illustrations. (*Quintuple Number*.) Paper, 60 cents; linen, 75 cents.
141. *Three Outdoor Papers* by T. W. HIGGINSON.
142. Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*.
143. Plutarch's *Life of Alexander the Great*. *North's Translation*.
144. Scudder's *Book of Legends*.*
145. Hawthorne's *Gentle Boy*, and Other Tales.
146. Longfellow's *Giles Corey of the Salem Farms*.
147. Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, and Other Poems. HENRY W. BOYNTON.

Other Numbers in Preparation.

Also, bound in linen: * 25 cents. ** 4 and 5, in one vol., 40 cents; likewise 6 and 31, 11 and 63, 28 and 36, 29 and 10, 30 and 15, 39 and 123, 40 and 69, 55 and 67, 57 and 58, 70 and 71, 72 and 94, 89 and 90, 93 and 106, 103 and 104, 113 and 119 and 120, 121 and 122, 133 and 32, 135 and 136. † Also in one vol., 40 cents. ‡ 1, 4, and 30 also in one vol., 50 cents; likewise 7, 8, and 9; 28, 37, and 27; 33 and 35; 64, 65, and 66. § Double Number, paper, 30 cents; linen, 40 cents. §§ Triple Number, paper, 45 cents; linen, 50 cents. §§§ Quadruple Number, paper, 50 cents; linen, 60 cents.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY



09-ACK-540

